

WHAT THE GERMAN DOCTRINE MEANS

Dangerous Element Carrying On Campaign on This Side of the Ocean.

KULTUR BOOSTERS ARE BUSY

United States Is Honeycombed with Kaiser's Spies Who Are Responsible for the Many Crimes Committed.

BY EMERSON HOUGH.
(From the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.)

At the time of the civil war I was a very young boy, but I still retain a few memories of those days. I can recall the figure of a major, later my Sabbath school teacher. He wore a black hat with a gold cord, and carried a very large and heavy sword. I can recall some of the old life-and-drum music. I remember seeing the railway engine come in covered with crepe—the train which bore the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. I can remember the fall of Richmond; my mother was ill in bed at that time, and I remember that she sat up and pounded against the footboard of the bed with her two hands, she was so glad to believe that the end of the war was now at hand.

I recall other and yet more somber scenes. My father was in the recruiting service under Gen. James B. Fry. I remember that during one of his visits home I saw him melting lead in the old bullet ladle in the kitchen stove—he was running bullets for his rifle. Two men of the recruiting service had been waylaid and killed by spies within the past week. It was thought that this next party from the department would also be waylaid. I can still remember the grim look on my father's face as he cleaned his rifle and ran the bullets for it.

I believe I got them my first touch of real hatred for an enemy. I learned then that a spy was about as bad as any creature in the world ever could be. He had killed without mercy. He was himself to be killed without mercy if need came for that.

This country is honeycombed with German spies today. They are worse than any spies that ever nested on this soil before. They do not lie low. They are a trifle exultant, a trifle confident. They always have been blundering, clumsy, awkward, from Bernstorff and his crew on down.

Time for Drastic Action.

What are we doing to take care of this dangerous element which is carrying on the German war campaign on this side of the ocean? For a long time we have remained as awkward, as clumsy, and as blatant as they themselves. We have had before our eyes always the somewhat sacred image of the American melting pot—God save the mark! We have retained the belief that any man who knelt down and sobbed on shipboard when he first saw the Statue of Liberty—I believe that is the correct description of it—was by some miraculous process at once made into an American.

There has been a certain pacifist sentiment, made the stronger by a certain political feeling, which has been afraid to antagonize the German element in America, spies or not spies. A great many peaceful gentlemen have thought that we ought not to declare war on a country in part owned by some of our citizenry—it might hurt the feelings of such men. And has the alien not sobbed before the justly celebrated Statue of Liberty in the narrow below Manhattan? And is he not, therefore, an American?

On the day when the Lusitania was sunk I went home with a newspaper in my hand, pretty much a-tremble in my own self at the thought of all those women and babies—it is a hard thing to talk of even yet. We ought not, I suppose, to call to mind that Lusitania medal struck in Germany—ought not to recall Germany's exultation over the foul murder of those little ones. I suppose it sounds venal to say that we ought to wash that out deep and deep, so long as there is any German of this generation left alive.

But do you really think that Germany did not endorse that deed? Do you really think the Germans on this side of the water—a great many of them—did not sympathize with Germany in that act? Let me mention one little fact:

When I stepped into the elevator with my newspaper in hand I showed the great black headlines to the man who was running the elevator—he is a good German-American, has been naturalized as an American citizen, has lived in this country for a great many years, speaks very good English, and has always been held a quiet and useful sort of man.

"Well," he said, looking at the headlines, "Dey vos varned, vosn't dey? Vot made dem sail?"

Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

Now the point is that this German-American actually thought that the Kaiser of Germany had the right to print a demand in a New York daily on the morning that ship sailed, warning our people not to take to the high seas about their business. He really thought that Germany was right in killing those women and children.

This man was a servant. I could not abuse him nor argue with him. I simply said—and choked somewhat as

I said it—"This will cost Germany the war!" He shook his head. I did not argue with him.

You cannot tell what man is a spy today. You cannot tell the sort of clothes he will wear, what may be his rank or station in life, what may be his real ambition, his real aim in life. He may speak German alone, or broken English, or many tongues fluently. But—if any assurance be needed after the long list of incendiary fires, of incendiary explosions, of losses of ships, of buildings, of manufacturing plants through the treachery of "German-Americans" living this side the water—you may be sure of one thing: That same secret diplomacy, that same treachery, that same faithlessness, which broke open Russia for Germany and took Russia off the firing line for us; that same treachery which broke down the first Italian army at the Isonzo; that same German treacherous diplomacy which was undertaken at Washington; that same treachery of the German guest at the American table which has marked that faithless nation all these years—that same unvarying principle, in the form of a practical German propaganda for the German cause, exists all through the United States today. The country is honeycombed with German spies. It is time wasted to have too much sympathy with them or those who back them and inspire them.

Washington sent 1,200 alien enemies out of the city limits not long ago. In a Chicago court recently there were more than 100 alien enemies on trial at one time. These are men whom we may call bolsheviks in America. They are doing all they can to undermine this government. They are doing all they can here, there, and everywhere, in countless ways, in countless places, to kill the American enthusiasm for this war and the American confidence in our ability to win this war.

Those Worse Than Traitors.

This propaganda is an enormous thing and a tremendously dangerous thing. Any man who countenances it, any man who apologizes for these traitors, is himself worse than a traitor to his country today. He sides with the murderers of innocent women and children. He endorses the German submarine, the German bombing of non-combatant towns, the use of liquid fire in war, and gas in war—all those abominable contrivances of cowardice with which Germany has attempted to impose her will upon the civilized portion of the world.

We Americans don't know how many American troops there are on French soil today—but Germany knows; be sure of that. There is no great move made here, nor any small move of military preparation, which Germany does not know as well as we do, or better. There has never been in the history of the world so complete a campaign of perfidy and treachery and underhanded faithlessness as Germany has shown to the civilized world in this war. Why be patient with it? Why not root it out? Why not call a spade a spade, a spy a spy? And why not give to the spies the things that we owe to spies?

I have heard the mayor of a very big city—and a mayor for more than one term, too—sit laughing at table and say, just before one of his campaigns, "What do I care for the American vote? To — with it! I want the German vote!"

Well, he got the German vote. He was elected. He could be elected again by the German vote. But I fancy that by and by it is going to be the question of a good many of our know-nothings. What is the American vote? Does that really need to include the spy vote?

Depredations of Spies.

America is being stabbed in the back all the time by traitors and by spies. It is not only the sort of roughneck spy who blows up a munition plant or wrecks a railroad train. It is the shrewder and more Machiavellian spy who attempts to wreak yet greater ruin on us by undermining our own national spirit, by instilling a feeling of distrust of the government, of the administration, of our army, of our country, of our aims and purposes in this war.

Our aims and purposes in this war are ratified by practically the entire world outside of the central powers of Europe. If we had no other reason in the world to go to war except the sinking of the Lusitania, that reason alone were reason enough.

The horrors of the German practices in France and Belgium are now being placed gingerly before our American readers. A few of the writing men of this country have had these facts in incontestable form, illustrated, proved, attested by chapter and verse and line and word any time these months and years. So far as these awful things can be put in print, and so far as the American people shall realize them, there will be enough even then to prove beyond a peradventure that never was any barbarity of the worst of savages committed in their intensest frenzy of war, which paralleled for one moment the cold-blooded, deliberate campaign of barbarity practiced by the higher authorities of Germany in this war. They parallel that by their practice in our own country.

The campaign against spies impends. It will have to be started and finished some time in our history. I presume, perhaps, we may wait—perhaps, we may better wait a little while—until there has come our first terrible reverse across the sea. Then, methinks, the slow, white heat of anger—of just and unappeasable wrath—may arise against the Copperheads of these years as it did against the Copperheads who fought behind the lines in our last other war for freedom.



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

SPRING IN BARNYARD.

"It's getting warm," said Mrs. Duck, "I think we'd all better have an early summer bath."

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Duck," said Mrs. White Hen.

"Yes, speak for yourself," said Miss Ham.

Mrs. Duck waddled about the barnyard looking at all the other animals. "You're a queer lot," she said, "not to like the water."

"We like muddy water, Mrs. Duck," said Sammy Sausage.

"The child spoke the truth," said Grandfather Porky Pig. "We like muddy water. But even better than that, we like regular mud."

"Mud won't make you clean," said Mrs. Duck. "And you can't swim in mud."

"Who spoke about being clean!" squealed Brother Bacon.

"And who cares whether he swims or not?" asked Pinky Pig.

"Well, usually one likes to be clean after a bath or nice swim," said Mrs. Duck.

"Maybe one does," said Sammy Sausage, "but one is yourself, or you are one—we're a number and we don't like to be clean."

"Of course not," said Miss Ham. "Have you never heard the famous saying about being as dirty as a pig? Well think of that, and then see what you have to say."

"I should think you would like to act in such a way that they could no longer say such a thing about pigs," said Mrs. Duck.

"Oh, perhaps you would," said Porky Pig.

"Don't you care to swim?" asked Mrs. Duck.

"We can wallow, wallow in the mud—as fine a thing as swimming any day," said Miss Ham.

"Well," said Mrs. Duck, "of course I am superior and clean. And I have some interesting relations. My cousin, Mrs. Paradise Sheldrake is a very fine creature. She is half-way between a duck and a goose."

"Where are the duck and the goose?" asked Brother Bacon.

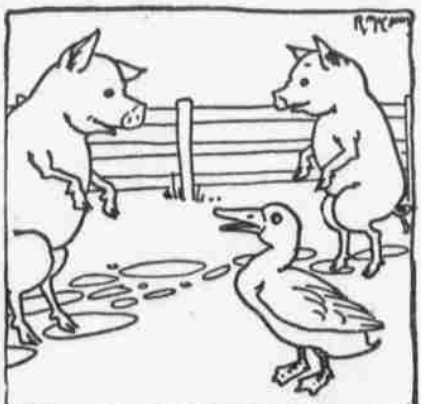
"Why does she not go to one or the other?" inquired Pinky Pig.

"Did I ever hear of such stupidity in my life," said Mrs. Duck, quacking as hard as she could. "I didn't mean she was half way between a certain duck and goose in distance. I meant she herself was half like a duck and half like a goose."

"They say it's nothing fine at all to be a goose," said Pinky Pig.

"Ah, but she's only half a goose," said Mrs. Duck.

"Then," said Pinky, squealing pleas-



"Did I Ever Hear of Such Stupidity in My Life?"

antly, "she's only half stupid. That makes it a trifle better I presume." All the pigs thought this was a great joke, but Mrs. Duck paid no attention to this remark. Instead she said:

"And she is far more handsome than her husband, Mr. Paradise Sheldrake."

"Well," said Miss Ham, "as I am for females second, my self first and other pigs third I am glad to hear that she is more handsome than her husband."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Brother Bacon.

"What does that mean, young pig?" asked Miss Ham.

"It means that it doesn't matter what you look like as long as your actions are handsome or beautiful or noble. That is what I am, handsome in my actions."

"How do you come to that way of thinking?" quacked Mrs. Duck.

"I eat so well that I am a handsome, perfect eater," said Brother Bacon.

"Shows you don't know the meaning of that saying," quacked Mrs. Duck. "You would be handsome in your actions if you gave food to others."

"Nonsense," said Brother Bacon. "I would be an idiot if I did that."

"An idiot according to a pig's point of view, perhaps," quacked Mrs. Duck.

"The point of view most sensible for me to have," said Brother Bacon, grunting.

"Oh, well, it's not a barnyard of creatures longing for a nice spring-summer bath, or for any kind for that matter," said Mrs. Duck, "so I'll be off by myself."

And alone she walked to the pond, while the pigs said, "Let's hie us to the mud, the delicious, glorious mud! For we are pigs, not ducks, sensible mud-loving, food-loving pigs!"

A Word of Precaution.

JUST wherein lies the reason for the use of vegetable preparations for infants and children?

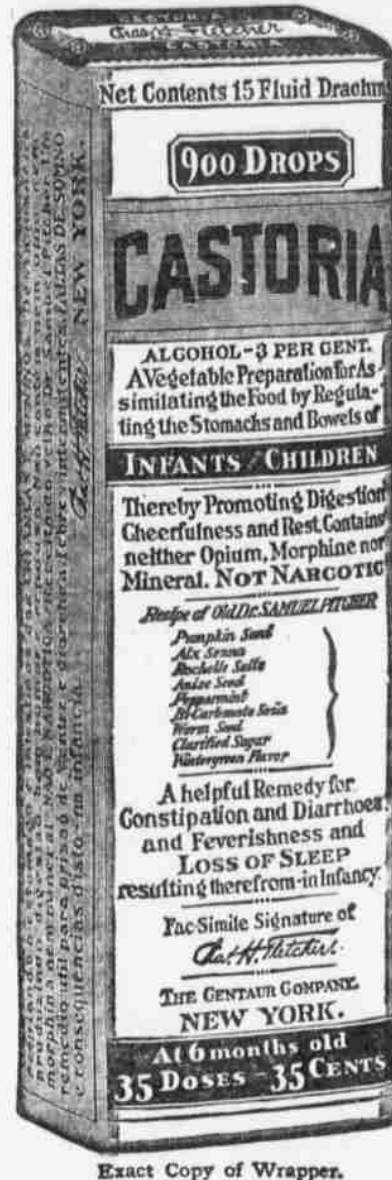
Why are any but vegetable preparations unsafe for infants and children?

Why are Syrups, Cordials and Drops condemned by all Physicians and most laymen?

Why has the Government placed a ban on all preparations containing, among other poisonous drugs, Opium in its variously prepared forms and pleasing tastes, and under its innumerable names?

These are questions that every Mother will do well to inquire about.

Any Physician will recommend the keeping of Fletcher's Castoria in the house for the common ailments of infants and children.



Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Letters from Prominent Druggists addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

S. J. Briggs & Co., of Providence, R. I., say: "We have sold Fletcher's Castoria in our three stores for the past twenty years and consider it one of the best preparations on the market."

Mansur Drug Co., of St. Paul, Minn., says: "We are not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines, but we never hesitate to say a good word for Castoria. It is a medical success."

Hegeman & Co., of New York City, N. Y., say: "We can say for your Castoria that it is one of the best selling preparations in our stores. That is conclusive evidence that it is satisfactory to the users."

W. H. Chapman, of Montreal, Que., says: "I have sold Fletcher's Castoria for many years and have yet to hear of one word other than praise of its virtues. I look upon your preparation as one of the few so called patent medicines having merit and unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe household remedy."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS BEARS

the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

INCREASE IN WESTERN CANADA LAND VALUES

But Forty and Fifty Bushels of Wheat to the Acre.

During the past year there has been a greater demand for farm lands in Western Canada than for a number of years past. The demand is for good farm lands improved or unimproved. And at an increase of from ten to fifteen dollars an acre more than the same lands could be had for a couple of years ago.

The rise in the price of every kind of produce grown on these Western lands, in some cases to double and in others to treble the price prevailing before 1914, have attracted and are attracting in ever-increasing proportions the men who are anxious to invest their money, and apply their energies in the production of wheat for which the allied nations are calling with voices which grow louder and more anxious as the months roll on, and the end of the war still seems distant. Beef, and more especially bacon, are required in ever greater quantities, and the price of all these things has soared, until it is not a question of what shall we produce, but how much can we produce. Even should this world calamity be brought to a close in six months from now, it will be years before normal pre-war prices prevail, and meantime self-interest if not patriotism is turning the minds of thousands back to the land. The inevitable consequence has been the rise in values of land, especially wheat land.

The Calgary Herald, commenting on these conditions says:

"From inquiries made from leading dealers in farming and ranching properties, and from the information gathered in other ways, it is known that the value of all land—wheat land, mixed farming properties, and even good grazing land—has risen in the last two years 40 per cent. Wheat lands in some districts have practically doubled in price. One dealer in farm lands recently sold three sections for \$70 an acre, one extra good quarter went as high as \$90, and another brought \$100. These are, of course, large prices, but that they will be equalled or even surpassed in the near future is beyond question. There is a feature about this rush to the land from which the most solid hope can be drawn for the success of the movement. The proper tillage of land, to produce large crops in a climate like ours is now understood and practiced as it never was in the early days of the province. It would seem too that

with the increase of land under cultivation, the seasons are changing and the rainfall becoming greater and more regular.

"Crops are being harvested, especially in Southern Alberta, which would have seemed impossible to the old-time farmer, with his old-fashioned ideas of breaking and seeding. And at the price now set by the government for wheat and which possibly may be increased during the coming season, the return to the practical skilled agriculturist must necessarily be very large.

"What matters \$10 or even \$20 an acre extra on wheat land when a return as high as 50 bushels and even more may be taken from every acre sown? With hogs bringing \$20 a hundred pounds; beef on the hoof at \$12, and mutton \$16, while wool under the new government arranged system of handling and sale brings 65 cents a pound (and these values cannot fall to any great extent for some years) the demand for land will continue and values increase in a corresponding degree.

"There has never been in the history of Canada a time so favorable for the farmer as the present; self-interest, the inspiration of patriotic feeling, the

aid freely extended by the government, who are permitting the import of certain agricultural implements free, all these tend to still further raise the price of Alberta land."—Advertisement.

Rookie Turns Laugh.

"Go get 15 yards of skirnish line from Sergeant Doe over there," an officer directed Josh Miles, a recruit.

The rookie dutifully went over to Sergeant Doe and told him what he wanted. Sergeant Doe laughed and Private Miles saw the light. Returning to the wag he saluted soberly and made his report.

"No skirnish line in stock, sir," he said, "but I can get you 15 yards of red tape."

Innovation Justified.

A wordy dispute has been stirred up in England over the action of the authorities in stationing a tank on the Worcester cathedral green. This was denounced by some as sacrilege, but the dean pointed out that we are fighting in a sacred cause.

German philosophy dwarfs morals to strengthen the intellect.



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturer.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

W. V. SULLIVAN
Former U. S. Senator
From Mississippi

How Ex-Senator Banished Stomach Trouble

A Wonderful Testimonial Endorsing EATONIC

Gentlemen: I have used EATONIC tablets in my family and find it a most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and all forms of indigestion. Yours respectfully, W. V. SULLIVAN.

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE)

At All Druggists

Quickly Removes All Stomach Misery—Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sour, Acid and Gassy Stomach

Here's the secret: EATONIC Drives the Gas out of the body—and the Bloat goes with it. Guaranteed to bring relief or money back. Get a box today. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it.

Sent for the "Little" Book, Address: EATONIC Remedy Co., 152-24 St. Watson, Jamaica, Chicago, Ill.